

"THE HOUR IS COME"

McLendon Sermon Continued From Page 8.

never been able to handle the situation. When I arrived I found that it wasn't a preacher they wanted; it was an undertaker they needed. Of all the cold storage, frosty, frigid, polar bear, embalming fluid, black bear, graveyard propositions I have ever seen, or ever expect to see, I found it there. My first service was a funeral sermon, and I told some beautiful little pathetic stories, and we all put on the sob stuff, and shed copious crocodile tears, and the next morning they ran down the road to the presiding elder telling him that they had at last found the preacher that they had been looking for. Remember, there was not a single solitary human being in that church that professed religion and no one ever thought of accusing them of having it. All that week I was loading my gun and preparing for the coming conflict, and on Sunday I turned loose on that bunch and they began to duck and the feathers began to fly. The way one old bell wether that believed strictly in the minority rule, and the preacher had to walk like he said walk, and talk like he said talk, and come when he said come, and go when he said go. They called him Cousin Samuel and he sure was czar, king and dictator in that community. When I opened up in high gear—I can see Cousin Samuel now. He giggled and twisted and squirmed like he had a hornet in his clothes. His discomfort and distress was so perceptible that it was heart-rendering. Up to that time Cousin Sammie would pout for a week if he didn't raise all the hymns and of course he persistently insisted that would be the order without deviation and his old voice was a cross between a cane mill, goose cackling, fiddle playing and a jackass braying. As a result of my labors I split that little church just as wide open as a song book, and corralled a lot of unchurch people and really got them converted."

Here Mack told another leading light in another one of his churches who said she always went to church to be entertained and that his preaching on hell and repentance got on her nerves in such a way that her meals remained untasted and that her sleep left her. She was very wealthy and called the board of stewards together and notified them that it was always a great pleasure for her to give of her means to support Dr. Drydust, and also the Rev. Soft Pedal, but that she didn't see her way clear to loosen up for their present pastor. They replied that they saw things in the same light that she did but that I was on their hands and would be until the net conference, when the bishop probably would be merciful and relieve them of a very embarrassing situation. For six months only two members of that church spoke to me. One Sunday morning while the birds were singing and the grass was growing and the flowers were blooming and all nature was smiling, I was preaching a great Christ, that could save men from sin, and that it was the panacea for every ailment and a wave of emotion broke over that church and I can see that dear old sister now sitting back there on the rear roost, with her old hard, leathery countenance turned on me, and she slowly arose and down the aisle she came. She was so large she almost had to move in section; she felt like a sack of sand at the altar, and the information that she gave the Lord would fill a book. She told Him that all her life that she had been looking on the church as an end instead of the means to an end, and that she had substituted liberally and good works for the new birth, and that she had never been born again. She stayed on her prayer bones until she prayed her hat off and her hair down, and rats out. The dust, powder and paint and her tears cut from the carpet arose and mixed with grooves through the combination. It wasn't long before that old sister plowed a hole through the sky and got in connection with the Grand Central and God planted the kiss of pardon on her face and the sunshine of heaven broke into her soul. From that day until Father sent the old family carriage after her and took her home, she lived a holy life. Just before she got off to heaven she them to write to the preacher that had been true to her soul and ask him to come and stand by her open grave while the dirt fell with its dull remorseless thud. That woman was like thousands of people up and down this country. She was looking on the church as a kind of mutual congratulation society or amusement bureau, where folks are entertained about two times one day in seven.

Preachers Exhausted.

"The hour has come when we preachers must not deal in glittering generalities but stand as a watchman on the wall and describe the state of the heart and character of life and the peril of the soul. The great need of the twentieth century is a consecrated ministry, who will without modification or evasion proclaim the gospel. It is not the mission of the minister of the gospel to give to man his opinions or proclaim to them his notions and views with reference to Biblical discussions or supposed modern discoveries.

lea. The preacher is a messenger and it is his high commission to proclaim the Word of the Lord, and God has said, 'My word shall not return unto me void, it is quick and powerful as a two-edged sword. We need to substitute the challenging tones of truth for this cowardly and prudish reserve. The human race has never wandered so far from the paths of righteousness or fallen so deep into sin or got so far out into the wilderness of ignorance and superstition that it has not been able to recognize a God-sent man. The overwhelming need of the hour is spirit-filled, blood-washed, fire-baptized messengers of God, with divine fire burning in their souls to unmask these devices of the devil and to tear down strongholds of satan, whether in high places or low.

"The hour is come for plainness of speech in preaching. I don't believe in beating the air. I'll tell you we preachers have got to get down to business and specify sin and sinners. I like a minister who tells me the truth, and I would walk ten miles tonight to have a preacher search me out as for the judgment. Three-fourths of the preachers do not excite one emotion for good or

"PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD"

**Powerful Sermon With Dramatic Climaxes
Preached by "Cyclone Mack" at Rockingham,
N. C., in July, 1922.**

(Printed by The Post-Dispatch)

Amos 12:4—"Prepare to meet thy God."

"This is one of the texts of Scripture that startles whenever it faces us. The Jewish government was a theocracy and therefore a violation either of the civil or the ecclesiastical law. Was treason against Almighty God and all the signs of Israel there was none that was higher treason against God than was the sin of idolatry and conformity to the nations by whom they were surrounded. Now they had backslidden and lost out, and had gone after these strange Gods, they had mixed, mingled, co-mingled with these surrounding nations, they had thus violated God's law, and had been disobedient unto His commandments. Now God speaks through His prophet Amos to these disobedient people, and tries to show them something of what had been done in their behalf.

"He said I have called you in the days of your prosperity, and ye would not repent. I have called you in the days of adversity, and ye would not repent. I have called you in the days of peace when there was no enemy at your gate, and in the days of peace you would not repent, and then when the armies of the enemies came and blood flowed like a river you would not repent. I called you in the days of health and you would not repent, and I also called you in the days of affliction, when the plagues were upon you and you would not repent.

"Here is a people that God exhausted every means of grace. He blockaded every path. He seemed to say, 'I have taxed Heaven but there is nothing left for you but to prepare, that quickly, to meet thy God.' People just as God dealt with Israel, in the long ago, just so God deals with individuals today. Just as God called Israel away back there in the centuries gone by, He is calling you today. The calls of God to man are as numerous as the stars of heaven. A man who will set down and read this book carefully and prayerfully must come to one conclusion that God not only wills the salvation of all men but that He has provided salvation for all men. It is enough to bring me to my feet when I know who the author is, because it is the great God who made this world, who numbers the hairs of every head, who watches every step of our life, and analyze every motive of our being. God is called every man of you who has crossed the line of responsibility. Some he has called at the family altar, some he has called through the tears and love of mother, some he has called through the Christian life, an example of a saintly father, some of you men sitting out there, God has called you through the love and fidelity of a noble life. Others He has called through your children and the voice of the church. God sends His divine spirit into this world, and this divine spirit poses Himself over the pages of this book and bathes every utterance of the book in a sea of life, and shows power and grace and great loving heart are in every one of these words, and He calls to us by His spirit. How the Holy Ghost is going up and down this country and He calls and calls and calls and He broods over this world, day and night, and is calling for all men to come to a higher and better life. You have had consecrated ministers in this city who are speaking and crying aloud and sparing not and are calling men to a better life. The pleading of pastors, the entreaties of evangelists, but with all these God-sent calls, you have stiffened your neck, hardened your hearts, and rejected my offer. Oh, the tragedy of it, oh the heart break of it, oh the crime of it, oh that shame of you, I have gone so far as I can go, and now there is nothing left, and very quickly you will have to

bring one shadow of condemnation. The foremost preacher of his day was Paul; what he preached was not so much idealism as practicality, not so much theology, homiletics, exegesis, or didacticism, but a manner of life. There was no small fuss about his way of preaching. No wonder when Paul struck town that hell howled, and the devil roared. No wonder they would order out the military companies and have riot calls. When Paul was on the job all hell was awake. He was no perfunctory parson or animated question mark, standing up defending denominational redoubts, spinning theological theories, propounding pious platitudes, splitting hairs, whitening nothing off a point and reeling of lavender-scented rose water, rhetorical bouquets and dealing in surface optimism or preaching a milk and water gospel; afraid that some of the hell wethers of the congregation wouldn't like his preaching and he would lose his job, or else be transferred at the next conference. The trouble with much of our preaching of today, it is too nice, too pretty and dainty, it does not kill."

get ready to meet your God.

Got To Meet God.

And remember, it is God you have got to meet, not the president of the United States, not King George of England, not some great statesman and it is not an arch-angel, but it is God, and not only God but thy God, not the God of the heathen Chinaman, but thy God, the God that made you, the God that fashioned your body and created your soul, and preserved your being, the God who sent His son to die for you, who gave His spirit to reprove and rebuke and teach and warn and convince and enlighten you concerning your sins. The omnipotent God that controls universes and throws out planets and fixes stars and weighs mountains and measures oceans, the omnipotent God, that is in the jungles of Africa and on top of mountains, and in the depths of the ocean, the God that is in the United States, and in North Carolina, and in Washington tonight, the omnipotent God, that knows your secret sin, and every wicked word you ever uttered, and every wicked thought that ever percolated through your mind and every act of your life and every passion of your soul, that is the God you are to meet. Who knows all about your condition and life and surroundings and circumstances and character, a God that can not look upon sin with any degree of allowance, the God whose mercy you have rejected, that is the God you are to meet. If this book is true every person sitting here before me will one of these days stand in the presence of Almighty God, when I do not know. I only know that God is coming and we are going. Where is the meeting place? I do not know, ten years from today for some of us, ten weeks from today for some of us, ten days from today for some of us, ten hours no doubt, and some of us will be in a casket, looking out through its glass—I can not say. I only know that we are rushing to the cemetery and will soon be out into eternity, and the presence of God. Brother, if the meeting should take place tonight, are you ready?

"You say I am as good as the average; that may be true, but you are not going to be judged by the average. You say I never did anyone any harm. That has nothing to do with the case. There is many a rattlesnake in the woods that has never done anyone any harm; there is a mad dog dashing down the street with eyes green and foam flying from his mouth. He has never done anyone any harm but you are not going to allow your child to fondle and play with him.

"There is no difference between being wrong and doing wrong and the reason you do wrong is because you are wrong, and the reason you are wrong is because you won't yield to God.

"A man gets into the lodge on a passport, not because he is a millionaire, or a university graduate, a president of the bank. And if you are prepared to meet God it is because you are a Christian.

It's Not Morality.

"You say I am a moral man—morality is not Christianity. You can be a moral man and not be prepared to meet thy God.

"But you can't be prepared to meet God and not be a moral man. You never looked into the face of a man that will give dollar for dollar for morality more than I do, and it is the best thing you have outside of the religion of Jesus Christ, but it is not going to prepare you to meet God. The men that crucified Jesus Christ passed off as moral men, too. I knew a young lady who was a member of the church, she sang in the choir, taught in the Sunday school, belonged to the missionary society, and was active in all branches of church work, and one night she went out to an unconven-

tional tent meeting and sat back in the rear with a heart full of prejudice, and she heard the preacher as he unfolded the Scriptures, poured out his soul in the message, and told his congregation that they could not substitute church activities for spirituality and churchmanship for Christianity and religiousness for righteousness, and morals and pre-emptive work for the new birth, and she sat there and took an inventory of herself and she looked up and said, God, if I have ever been changed from nature to grace, I can not point back to the time and place when it happened and if I have I don't know it and that is good evidence that I have not, and there and then she cried to God and confessed Jesus and the sunshine of heaven broke into her soul and God planted the kiss of pardon on her heart.

"Six months from that time she was dying. She called her father and mother and friends around her cot and she told them that all through the years that she had been deceived and had substituted morality for Christianity, and she said, 'Mother, if I had not heard that man six months ago preach on regeneration again, I would be dying today unprepared to meet God. Oh! the deceived souls that will stand at the judgment bar of God unprepared to meet Him. They have been rocked and lulled and soothed and morphined and coddled with lavender-scented sermonettes and pussy-footed preaching—what an awful spectacle when we stand at the judgment bar of God!

"This meeting is inevitable, 2nd Cor. 5:10—For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad.

"You and I, saint and sinner, high and low, banker and bootblack, general and private, millionaire and tramp, society woman and washer-woman of every strata of society and every walk of life; you may not be ready to meet God, you may not want to meet Him; you may call upon the rocks and the mountains and the hills to fall upon you, and hide you from His face. They won't do it. The edict of God Almighty has gone forth; you shall meet Him. It may be death and hell and eternal damnation for you to meet Him, but you must meet Him, now since it is a fact, will you slight all the warnings that God gives you, live as you live and die unprepared and go into God's presence, without any preparation at all. If it was heralded on the wings of the Associated Press that President Harding would take a holiday and thousands of dollars would be spent on decora-

tion and banquets and great preparation would be made for the meeting of the President of the United States; but very few are making preparations to meet God, and the Bible and Christ and Eternity can not save you against your will. Now I want to ask you, do you propose to live in sin and iniquity and serve the devil and go to the judgment with your tattered, filthy garments of sin and corruption, with the blood on your feet, instead of your heart? Will you go right in to the presence of the great God unwashed, unregenerated, unpardoned and unsaved? Every day performs a funeral march down to the grave, and up to God, and without Jesus Christ you are absolutely unprepared. The book says it is appointed unto man once to die. Now you may not believe, that it is appointed unto man once to die. I can walk these streets and see the caved in chests and emaciated faces with eyes sunken in the sockets of their heads and I say what does that mean—that the Bible is true, it is appointed unto man once to die. I go out to your hospital and see it filled with pale-faced suffering humanity, what does it mean—it is appointed unto man once to die. I go to your undertaker's shops and I see caskets and coffins. What does it mean—it is appointed unto man once to die. I see the funeral processions tramp, tramp down the streets of your city; what does it mean? It is appointed unto man once to die. I go out yonder to your cemeteries and see those white, lonesome sentinels. What does it mean? It is appointed unto man once to die.

Death Coming Along.

"Oh man, death is coming down the road; soon that pale hearse and after a while, he will run through a closed door, and will stand in your presence and you will say, 'Who is there?' 'I am Death.' 'I did not send for you.' 'No, I know you did not, but I have come.' 'I am not ready.' 'That makes no difference; you have had all your life to get ready; I have come.' 'But I can not go.' 'You must go. I have come for my own. I have been following you from the cradle to this house.' 'But hold on, Death. My God, my God.' 'Oh you said there was no God. You grieved my spirit; you shook your head and resisted the truth; you laughed and sneered when thousands of people were going to the auditorium and hundreds were giving their hearts to God; you laughed, and criticised the preacher, and said it was all fanaticism and excitement. Come on, get ready.' 'Oh, Death, I can not go.' 'You must go.' 'Oh, Death, don't crowd me so to the wall, don't breathe that cold air in my face; you chill me.' 'But

come, I want you.' 'Oh, Death, all my people are here, and all my interests are in this city; send for the doctor; rush me to a sanatorium; get me to the hospital; hire a nurse. Oh drive death away; my feet are growing cold; the rattle is in my breast; the gurgle is in my throat; the cold death dew is breaking out on my brow.'

"You have a week to live; you have five days, three days, two days, one day, 12 hours, one hour, 40 minutes, 30 minutes, 20 minutes, 10, five, two, one; you have 40 seconds, 30, 20, 10; I will count them—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten; telephone for the undertaker, take him to the graveyard; he is one. It is appointed unto man once to die and then the judgment. If you admit the first proposition of the text, how can you have the audacity to reject the last part? If the first part is true, the last part is true. John, when he was on that bleak lonely issue of Potosi, said, 'And I beheld when He had opened the sixth seal, and lo, there was a great earthquake; and the sun became black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon became as blood, and the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs when she is shaken of a mighty wind.'

"And the heaven departed as a scroll when it is rolled together, and every mountain and island were moved out of their places.

"And the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bondsman and every free man hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains.

"And said to the mountains and rocks, fall on us and hide us from the face of Him, that sitteth on the throne and from the wrath of the lamb.

"For the great day of His wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?"

There are all kinds of cheap printing—but none of it is really cheap—at least not on a basis of value. Cheap stuff is usually worth almost what it costs. Our printing isn't the cheapest you can get, but it's as good as the best.

Three Great Sermons Sunday

**"Cyclone Mack" Will Close the Great Evangelistic
Campaign at Rockingham Sunday, July 30th.
You Are Earnestly Invited to Come.**

July 28, 1922

To the Friends of Cyclone Mack:

No doubt you have had the pleasure of hearing the Reverend B. F. McLendon preach at Rockingham since he has been waging the Richmond County Campaign. As we draw near the close of the meeting we feel that it has reached proportions never before attained in this county. Hundreds of people have either reconsecrated their lives to the service of God or have accepted Christ as their Savior for the first time.

Mr. McLendon will close this campaign Sunday, July 30, 1922. There will be three services on that date; at eleven in the morning, at three in the afternoon, and at eight in the evening. You are not only cordially invited to be at these three services, but we also urge you to invite your friends.

On this day the friends of Mr. McLendon are going to give him a great free-will offering for the service he has rendered. We believe that one of the best meetings that Mr. McLendon has ever held in North Carolina is the one that he is now conducting here in Richmond county. We trust that we can give him therefore the largest offering that he has ever received in this state.

Yours very sincerely,

Finance Committee.